Numb. 74.

The British Apollo,

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by a Society of GENTLEMEN.

From **Friday** October 22d. to **Wedneſday** October 27th. 1708.

Q. *Gentlemen, In the* 43d Verſe *of the* 23d Chapter *of St.* Luke, *We read, our Saviour promiſed the Thief that then was to ſuffer with him,* viz. *This day ſhalt thou be with me in Paradiſe; whereas in the Apoſtle's Creed are theſe words: He deſcended into Hell; the third day he roſe again from the dead, He aſcended into Heaven,* &c.

Pray, Gentlemen, How could he be that day in Heaven, if, as the Apoſtle's Creed mentions, he roſe not from the dead till the third day.

A. It is an uſual figure in the Sacred Writings to apply Perſonality to either Soul or Body in a State of Separation. And therefore, Chriſt's Soul, upon it's departure from the Body, might advance to Heaven, from whence it might afterward return in order to it's Reunion with that Companion, which was *not to ſee Corruption*: But tho' in our Solution concerning Chriſt's Deſcent into Hell, we affirm'd, that the Text, you mention, cou'd not be expounded of a Paradiſe Diſtinct from Heaven with that firm aſſurance, as to ground an Article of Faith upon it, yet neither can We with firm aſſurance ſay, that it is Not ſo. And if Paradiſe may be expounded (as it *Poſſibly* may) in the Jewiſh Notion of the Word, it wholly removes the Foundation of your Queſtion. But you may take Notice too (as we have formerly obſerv'd) that Chriſt does not ſay, thou ſhalt *Go* with me *Into* Paradiſe (as tho' there were to be a Local Motion on his own part) but thou ſhalt *Be* with me in Paradiſe. And therefore, as Chriſt might ſpeak the words with regard to his Divinity, ſo that Divinity *Might* diſplay it ſelf to the Departed Saints in a Separate Paradiſe, tho' in a leſs Proportion, as to be ſure it wou'd do in it's Heavenly Reſidence.

Q. Bellarminus in Apologia, *&c.*

Latin *not being ſo proper for the Publick, we beg leave to Epitomiſe in Engliſh,* Bellarmine's *reaſoning againſt King* James I. *for retaining the Title of Defender of the Faith.*

By the Title of Defender of the Faith, what other can be intended than that very Faith, which He defended, on whom the Title was at firſt beſtow'd. But Henry VIII. *on whom the Biſhop of* Rome *firſt confer'd the Title, defended in his Book againſt* Luther, *ſuch Articles of Faith, as King* James *utterly renounces. But why does he retain a Title given by the* Pope? *If the* Pope *be Chriſt's Vicar, why does he not obey him? If he be an Enemy of Chriſt's, why does he not diſclaim a Character beſtow'd by Antichriſt?*

A. Bellarmine's Reaſoning ſeems to Us to have no ſmall weight in it, if we allow, that King *James I.* retain'd the Title as a Donation of the *Pope's*. But this, we preſume, may very fairly be denied, and ſince the very Foundation of his reaſoning may be remov'd, the Fabrick muſt of conſequence fall with it. King *James* therefore was a Defender of the Faith, not becauſe the Biſhop of Rome firſt beſtow'd the Title, but becauſe his Royal Office engag'd him to Defend a Church, that is a Terror to the Papacy, a Dread to thoſe of a Corrupted Faith; the Bulwark of the Proteſtant Religion, the Glory of the Reformation. A Church, that has wiſely choſen the middle way between both extremes, that at once Diſcards Superſtitious Fooleries, and yet Preſerves an aimable Decorum. A Church the moſt Apoſtically Pure, that enjoyns us Decent, Becomeing Ceremonies, and yet *teaches not for Doctrines the Commandments of Men.*

Q. *Gentlemen, Reading in the* 38th Chap. *of* Job, *I met with the following Verſe.*

Verſe 8th. *Who ſhut up the Sea with Doors, when it brake forth, as if it had iſſued out of the Womb?*

Which ſaid Text plainly Implies, that the Sea was ſhut up in ſome Womb, before the Deluge.

I deſire to know, what was that Incloſed State of the Sea, and what Place, or Part of Nature, was that Receptacle where it lay.

A. The word *Doors* is a Metaphorical Expreſſion, and denotes no more than, that God reſtrain'd the Sea with it's proper Boundaries, when he ſaid to it's proud Waves, *thus far ſhall thou go and no farther.* And ſince the Sea is contain'd in an extenſive Cavern, that Cavern may very fitly, by the ſame figure be ſtil'd a *Womb*; expreſſions Parallel to which you will frequently meet with in Prophane Authors.

Q. *I am come to beg aſſiſtance from You, in my Labyrinth of Misfortunes; I am a Young Man Appentice to an Apo---y, and happening to fall in Love with a Relation (tho' not ſo near as to debar Us of Marriage) yet ſhe ſcruples accepting of me on that pretence: the Old Gentlewoman her Mother is for it, and introduces me into her Company very often, but if I go to touch her ſhe makes all the wry faces imaginable, and ſays, what can't I ſet ſtill as others do; if I am alone with her,*

ſhe preſently flies away: Now, I beg your ſpeedy Advice, what I ſhall do to obtain her.

A. If ſhe be your Couſin German, we refer you to three former *Apollos* Numb. 56, 61, 62. but if Related at a greater Diſtance, we are apt to think, that her Scruple is but mere pretence, and that it is not the Relation, but the Perſon, ſhe excepts againſt. And then we muſt acquaint you, that you will find it an hard task to overcome her wry Faces and Nimble retreats. But however, if the Palm be worthy of Contention, demonſtrate the Sincerity of your Love by the Conſtancy of your Purſuit. And ſince *Venus* as well as *Mars* is an Admirer of Unſhaken Bravery, ſtand up againſt all Diſcouragements, and give her daily Proofs, that even Deſpair it ſelf (tho' you'll ſay 'tis a Paradox) cannot drive you to Deſpair. And if after a tedious Campaign, you ſhall make no manner of advance, the Poet will preſent you with a more Cheriſhing Cordial than any your Maſter's Shop affords:

Una Salus Miſeris Nullam ſperare Salutem.
Your Only Comfort is to hope for *None.*

To Sons of Apollo, *you are deſired to anſwer theſe following Queſtions, with all ſpeed, there being a conſiderable Wager depending, and you will oblige Yours.*
T. S.

Queſt. 1. *Why a Hare leaves leſs Scent when almoſt run down, than when firſt ſtarted?*

Queſt. 2. *Why a keen Huntſman carries all before him and leaves all behind him?*

Queſt. 3. *Why Bucks make Vaults to ſerve the Does in?*

Anſw. 1. The Scent of the Hare conſiſting in ſome of the moſt Volatile Parts of his Blood, continually perſpiring out of his Body; and there being a much greater waſt made of them when he is in a Violent Motion, that when he is at reſt, it neceſſarily follows, that when firſt ſtarted he muſt leave a ſtronger Scent, than after a long run; becauſe in his race thoſe Volatile Parts have been ſafter expended than they could be recruited.

Anſw. 2. Becauſe as keen as he is, he is not however ſo keen ſighted as *Argus*, to ſee before and behind, neither is he ſo nimble as to move forward and backward at the ſame time.

Anſw. 3. By the ſame reaſon that Birds make Neſts to lay in their young, that Bees and Ants build ſmall Repoſitories and Granaries to lay up their Stores, ſince it is in all alike a neceſſary Conſequence of that wonderful Structure of their Bodies, by reaſon of which, every Species of Animals does perform ſomething peculiar to it's kind, and by that declare the Immute Wiſdom and Power of it's Maker.

Q. *I deſire to know why the Face ſwells after the Toothach?*

A. Becauſe the Peccant Humor, is then tranſmitted from the Interior to Exterior Parts.

Q. *Pray, Apollo, Tell me, the Reaſon, why moſt Perſons, that have any manner of Cold upon them, have for the moſt part ſuch an Involuntary running from their Noſes.*

A. Becauſe by the Conſtriction of the Pores through cold, a Quantity of Serous Humors is Collected in the Brain, which, for want of due Perſpiration are conveniently diſcharged through the Paſſages of the Noſtrils, as being moſt Obvious.

Q. Apollo, *A certain Club bear an Article in their Order, thus: If the Steward or Stewards, be abſent between the Club Hours, ſhall forfeit and pay two Club hours. Query, if he or they be preſent one hour, and abſent one, whether it Incurs a forfeit.*

A. The natural Tenor of the words implies, that the Stewards ſhou'd not at any time be Abſent between the Club Hours. If therefore the Stewards have been Abſent but a quarter of an hour during that interval, we muſt adviſe them to pay their forfeits.

Q. Apollo, *Thou haſt neither good humour, Policy, nor Common Civility to make a* SUB *dance attendance after you like any indifferent Queriſt. If 'tis our folly that ſupports your Ingenious Society, Certainly we may in return expect the civility of you now and then to thruſt us in a civil Queſtion among the number of ridiculous ones, that your Paper abounds with. Come ſpeak truth, and undeceive the World: Is it not true? That about 3 or 4 months paſt you receiv'd ſeveral learned and difficult Queſtions, which you for ſeveral meetings together beat your Noddles about, but to no purpoſe, they being above your Capacities; and that through the great importunity of the Queriſts you were drove upon the notable exploit of ranking them under the denomination of Scurrilous, Lewd, Party-taking, &c. and accordingly publiſh'd the ſame in an Advertiſement of your Paper, to cauſe the ingenious Queriſts to deſiſt.*

A. If we have inſerted ſeveral ridiculous Queſtions, yet gave rational or diverting Anſwers, it adds to our Reputation, ſince it is a kind of *Creation* in making *ſomething* out of *nothing*; but if we gave as ridiculous Anſwers, doubtleſs (by your Invective way of writing) you had diſcover'd *where*, and rather had pointed your Satyr at our Follies, than at thoſe of others; yet we confeſs, that after our inſerting this Queſtion of yours, we cannot ſo well clear our ſelves from your Charge of putting in ridiculous Queſtions as we could before, we cannot gueſs nor aim at the Queſtions you hint, ſent us 3 or 4 months paſt; but of this we are well aſſur'd, we have anſwer'd many ſince that time, far wiſer than any, you appear (by the ſtrength of your Lines) capable of putting to us; by your Objection to our Declining Anſwers to Queſtions Scurrilous, Lewd, &c. We have much Reaſon to Gueſs, they came under one of thoſe Heads, tho' you give us no account of what they were.

POEMS.

ONce more the weak Euthalia makes eſſay,
Once more to ſing, before ſhe leaves the Day,
Before ſhe Quits this ſad unhappy Coaſt
Of Bleeding Innocence *and* Vertue Loſt,
To pay thoſe thanks (your due) with Grateful Mind,
For pious Council, charitably kind.
With your Advice, my fainting Soul *Complies,*
And paves with Sighs Her paſſage to the Skies;
Rivers of Tears mine Eyes minutely pay,
To purge my Soul, and waſh my ſtains away:
A contrite Spirit, and a broken Heart
In the ſad Conſort, bear a mournful part.
Oh! That hereby I may Juſt Heaven appeaſe,
Whoſe benign Smile would all my Troubles eaſe;
For now, my Soul is warm'd with Sacred Fire,
And Heav'n alone has every ſtrong deſire.
No Lawleſs Wiſhes in my Boſom move,
No looſe Deſires remain, no wanton Love,
No more regret the perjur'd Youths diſdain,
No longer ſigh, for his Return, in vain:
All my Ambition now, is to acquire,
To gain admittance in that Heav'nly Choir,
Where pious Souls do their Devotion raiſe,
And Celebrate their bounteous Maker's *Praiſe;*

Raviſh'd

Raviſh'd with inward Peace, ſupremely Bleſt,
Soft Joys alone reign in each peaceful Breaſt.
Thus Bleſt; no more ſhall Sin or Folly know,
But Love Divine will in my Boſom flow,
Poſſeſt of All and More, I ſought in Vain Below.

A. Sing on Sweet Soul, be ever thus in Tune,
And all Uneaſy Thoughts, will vaniſh ſoon;
Hark, how, the Heav'nly Choires in Conſort Joyn,
More pleas'd with *One return'd, than Ninety Nine,*
Who never ſtray'd; a Joy Triumphant Reigns,
When ſuch with Tears, have waſh'd away their
(Stains.

Behold! Above Yond Azure Roof there dwells
A *Lover*, whoſe extatick Form excells,
All, Fancy can create, or Wit ſuggeſt,
The *Source of Light* and *Glory of the Bleſt*:
With *open Arms* and *Smiles* prompt to receive
All who their Treſpaſſes ſincerely Grieve;
When once the Force of His Bright Charms you
(know,
The Joys and Raptures from *His Preſence* flow,
You'l ſcorn the fully'd, dull *Imbrace* of Mortals
(here below.

Q. *Hold, Sir, take care,*
Or 'twill appear,
By what you writ not long ſince,
(And now, give free,
To let folk ſee,
How much You fear Dull Nonſenſe,
From poor John Dunton)
That your pretence
To Wit and Senſe,
Was but to cheat us all Sir;
And 'pollo *knows,*
Such tricks as thoſe
Do well deſerve the Halter
Armenia *ſent 'n.*
That many do
Approach You now,
You ſpare no pains to tell us;
So have I known
In Smithfield *throng,*
Vaſt Numbers of Brave fellows
Admire Jack-Pudding;
Nor is Your proof
Of force enough
To Countermand the Blunder;
Why more folk run
To view the Sun
Eclips'd, than in his Splendor,
(is worth Your Stud'ing,
Philander.

A. Such *Wits* as *You*,
At School wou'd rue
Such Lines by ſmart of Laſh,
Which only Prate,
And Derogate,
Cry *Nonſenſe*, and ſuch Trafh,
(But ſhew not where,
A wondrous Jeſt
Your Parts confeſs'd,
And home you urg'd it, while
Armenia's wit,
Invented it,
At ſuch a *Theft* to ſmile,
Who can forbear!
'Tis true, we know,
Great Numbers go
To ſtair upon Jack-Puddings,
But not Brave Fellows,
As you tell us,
But ſilly, Gaping Cuddings,
Juſt ſuch as You,
Tho' many run
To ſee the Sun
Eclips'd, none but a Lout,
Or ſuch are Blind,
Expect to find
Eclypſe, when he *ſhines out*,
And ſo Adieu.

Q. *Your Oracle knows*
Who I mean, I ſuppoſe,
And Prithee confirm my Affections;
By your Approbation;
Leſt I fall in a Paſſion,
And tell ye no more,
Than ye knew of before;
If in Verſe or in Proſe,
You can Secrets diſcloſe,
Concerning my Spouſe,
You ſhall always have my Benediction.

A. We know not your Spouſe,
Whether Fair or a Blouſe;
But if She is Miſtreſs of Senſe;
So odly you Blunder,
We do not much wonder,
If She's took with a Fit,
For a Spark of more Wit;
Yet we wou'd not engage
Your Valour or Rage,
Since your Lines do preſage,
She will Arm you with Horns for Defence.

Q. *Suppoſing now,* Apollo's Sons,
Juſt roſe from picking of Gooſe bones,
This on you pops, pray, tell me whence,
The Cuſtom'd Proverb did commence,
That who' eats Gooſe *on* Michael's Day,
Shan't Money lack, his Debts to pay.

A. This Notion fram'd in days of yore,
Is grounded on a prudent ſcore,
For doubtleſs 'twas at firſt deſign'd,
To make the People *SEASONS* mind,
That ſo they might apply their care,
To all thoſe things, which needful were,

And

And by a good industrious hand,
Know *when* and *how* t' improve their *Land*.

On a Lock of Hair, given by a Young Lady to put in a Ring.

NOT Rich *Arabia's* Precious Stores,
Not Fertil *India's* Golden Ores,
Not all the Wealth that Crowds the Main,
Can Poise the Treasure I obtain.
No more let *Faithless Jason* own,
That He *Medea's* Favours won,
No more his Gawdy Prize set forth
Of Fond, Imaginary Worth,
'Tis I can greater Things Express,
'Tis I the *Golden Fleece* Possess;
Such none before did e'er Receive,
And none but *Chloe Such* could give.
A Pledge, wherein does always move
The whole Artillery of Love.
Which o'er the Passions bears Command,
And Sways my *Heart* and Guides my *Hand*:
Nor lives a Monarch, but would be
Petitioner to share with me.

SIR,

THE two Mails which arriv'd from Holland on Sunday last, brought the following Advices. That from the Camp before Lille, Octob. 25. They write, that the Batteries being in a readiness the 21st they began that Morning to make a terrible fire, to make a New Breach on the Right, and inlarge that on the Left, which was so successfully perform'd, that on the 22d at 4 in the Afternoon, the Garrison beat a Parley, and offer'd to Capitulate for the Town. This Proposal being accepted, and Hostages given on both sides, it was agreed, that the Mareschal de Boufflers shou'd Capitulate for the Garrison with Prince Eugene; and that the Magistrates and Council of the Town shou'd do the like for themselves, and the Chastelany of Lille with the Field Deputies of the States General; that the Articles demanded by the Town were so large, that the Capitulation was not sign'd till the 23d in the Forenoon. That from the Hague Octob. 30. Tis advis'd, that on Thursday last, the 24th in the Night, Lieutenant Collonel Dautz, Adjutant to the Prince of Nassau, arrived there with the first News of the Capitulation of Lille, and a Letter from that Prince, congratulating their High and Mightinesses on this great Success, that they have presented the said Collonel with a Gold Chain and a Medal, valued at 1500 Florins, and that the Baron de Rechteren, who arrived there the 27th in the Morning with the Capitulation, is likewise to receive the usual Present; That the next day in the Evening, by the Order of the Council of State, there were extraordinary Thanksgivings perform'd in all the Churches of that City for the Surrender of Lille, that the Great Guns of the Vyverberg were fir'd, and the Garrison being drawn up there, made several discharges, that their Bells were rung, and Bonfires made, with all other demonstrations of joy for so glorious and important a Conquest. That the Magistrates of Lille have complimented the Prince of Holsteinbeck on his Government, and desir'd his Protection and Favour, and that they found the Magazines very much unprovided, the Mareschal de Boufflers having caused most of the Ammunition and Provisions to be remov'd into the Cittadel. That the Duke of Marlborough has caused great quantities of Corn to be gather'd for the Subsistance of the Troops, and has detach'd the Hereditary Prince of Hesse Cassel with a good Body of Troops, to raise Contributions of Money and Provisions in Artois and Picardy; that upon his Approach a Detachment of French Troops who were intrenching themselves near la Basse, immediately retir'd. That the Confederate Army will continue 7 or 8 days longer in the Neighbourhood of Lille, by which time the Fortifications of that Place will be in a good measure repair'd, there having been 10000 Workmen order'd for that purpose; the same Letters add, that the Trenches were to be open'd as yesterday, before the Citadel. That from Ghent tis advis'd, that the French make some Dispositions, as tho they design'd to quit that place. Which is all from Yours, &c.

The Number of our Subscribers so greatly increasing, and by Consequence the Number of Questions sent us, that we cannot possibly give a General Satisfaction within the Compass of our Paper, we design a Quarterly Book of 3 Sheets in a Small Character, in which we will give Answers to all worthy thereof, which we could not get into our other Papers; we have no doubt but this will be acceptable, since it will not raise the Yearly Charge to that of the most vulgar News Papers, altho' a whole Sheet and upon fine Paper, besides we do oblige none to take it, but such as desire it. The first is preparing for those Questions upon our Hands.

Any Persons upon Directing their Letters (Superscrib'd for the *British Apollo*) to Mr. *Keeble* in *Westminster-Hall*, Mr. *Carter* at the *Green Dragon* in St. *Paul's* Church Yard, Mr. *Bickerton* at the *Rose and Crown* in *Little Britain* Booksellers, or to the Printer hereof, may have this Paper brought to their Houses (in the City or Suburbs) at 2 s. *per* Quarter, and the Monthly Papers at 6 *d. per* Quarter more. Those who come within the Quarter, to have proportional Deductions at the End. Also Books of Guards Sets may be had on directing as above, from the Beginning.

Note, That they who live in the Country may appoint a Friend in Town to take them in for them, or order some Inn-Keeper to pay for them Quarterly. For we cannot depend on the Payment of Carriers, since they come not in on those hours as our Servants can meet with them in their Walks.

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